

ORPHEUS

AND

EURYDICE.

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ORPH EUZ

AND

EU DICE.



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O R P H E U S

AND

E U R Y D I C E;
A N O P E R A.

As it is Performed at the
THEATRE ROYAL
In COVENT GARDEN.

Set to Musick by Mr. JOHN-FREDERICK LAMPE.

*Sylvestres Homines, sacer, Interpresque Deorum,
Cædibus et Victu fædo deterruit Orpheus:
Dictus ob Hoc lenire Tigres, rapidosque Leones.*

Hor.

L O N D O N:

Printed, and Sold by THO. WOOD in *Little-Britain*,
and at the *Theatre*.

M DCC XXXIX.

[Price One Shilling.



The A R G U M E N T.

ORPHEUS, the Son of Apollo, and the Muse Calliope, a celebrated Poet and Musician of Thrace, was so great a Master in his Art, that Rivers wou'd stop their Course, Storms and Tempests cease, the most savage Animals become tame, and Trees and Rocks be mov'd, influenc'd by the Power of his Harmony. Rhodope, a Queen of Thrace, enrag'd at the Refusal of her offer'd Love, by her Magic Art rais'd a Serpent, which stung his Bride Eurydice in the Heel, of which she immediately died.

Orpheus, deeply affected with the Loss of her, went down into Hell after her; where his Musick so prevail'd over Pluto, that he consented to restore her; but under this Restriction, that in conducting her back, he shou'd not look upon her, 'till they arriv'd at the Regions of Light. To this he submitted; but mov'd by the Ardency of his Passion, and the Fear of her being lost in following him, thro' the dreary Mazes of that dark Region, he look'd back, just as they were got to the very Confines of Hell: The Fiends carry'd her back, and the Gates were shut against him.

THE ARGUMENT.

This second Loss of her he so regretted, that for her Sake he resolv'd never more to entertain Affection for a Woman. Which Resolution, he not only kept himself, but persuaded his Companions to follow his Example ; which so enrag'd the Thracian Dames, that in their furious Transports, when celebrating the Festival of Bacchus, on the Banks of the River Heber, they tore him to Pieces, and scatter'd his Limbs about the neighbouring Fields. Rhodope thus robb'd of all Possibility of ever enjoying him, in Rage, and Madnejs for his Loss, stabb'd herself. He was afterwards turn'd into a Swan, and his Lyre plac'd amongst the Stars.



ADVER.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Vocal* Parts of the following *Fable* appearing somewhat too long in the Practices, made it necessary to shorten several of the Scenes: But whatever has been retrench'd, is printed in its proper Place, and distinguish'd with double *Comma's*, that neither the Thread of the Story might be broken; nor Mr. JOHN HILL have any Room for continuing his chimerical Suggestions, "That such Parts were omitted and artfully *stifled*, because *stolen* from his OPERA."

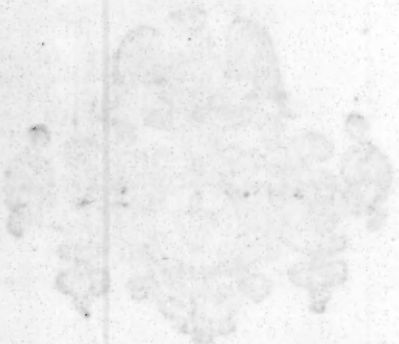


P E R-

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

ANDERSTON

The first part of the following table
gives the names of the persons who
were present at the meeting of the
Committee on the 10th of January 1900.
The second part gives the names of the
persons who were present at the meeting
of the Committee on the 17th of January 1900.
The third part gives the names of the
persons who were present at the meeting
of the Committee on the 24th of January 1900.
The fourth part gives the names of the
persons who were present at the meeting
of the Committee on the 31st of January 1900.



P.R.



PERSONS in the OPERA.

M E N.

ORPHEUS, Son of *Apollo* and } *Mr. Salway.*
Calliope,

PLUTO, God of *Hell,* — *Mr. Leveridge.*

ASCALAX, Attendant on *Pluto,* *Mr. Laguerre.*

THREE FURIES.

FIENDS attending *Pluto.*

W O M E N.

EURYDICE, Wife to *Orpheus,* *Miss Young.*

RHODOPE, Queen of *Thrace,* } *Mrs. Lampe.*
practising Art Magick,

¹ } NYMPH, } *Mrs. Chambers.*
₂ } *Miss Davies.*

NYMPHS attending EURYDICE.

BACCHANTS.

COMIC

COMIC CHARACTERS.

MEN.

Harlequin, in Love with } *Mr. Lunn.*
Colombine,

Pantaloon, Father to *Colombine*,

Gawkey, a Country 'Squire,
brought up under his Mo- } *Mr. Bencraft.*
ther's Direction, and design-
ed to marry *Colombine*,

Drudge, Servant to *Pantaloon*, *Mr. Hippisley.*

Taylor, Shoemaker, Drawer, Hostler, Porter.

A Company of Rural Swains.

WOMEN.

Colombine, in Love with *Harlequin*, *Mrs. Kilby.*

Mrs. Mannerly, Mother to *Gawkey*, *Mrs. Martin.*

A Witch, Mother to *Harlequin.*

Frothwell, an Ale-wife.

Maid of the Inn.

Dwarf Woman, Servant to *Colombine.*

A Company of Rural Nymphs.

ORPHEUS



ORPHEUS

AND

EURYDICE.

INTERLUDE I.

SCENE, *an Apartment.*

[*After the Overture, the Curtain rises to slow Musick; and discovers Rhodope in a reclin'd Posture. She rises, and comes forward.*

RHODOPE *alone.*



AIN are these Sounds, this Seat of
Rest!

Still, still I burn! — Love fires my
Breast.

O Orpheus! — Ha! — am I a Queen?

Ah, no! Love rules my Heart unseen.

B

“ Ah!

ORPHEUS *and*

“ Ah! What are Sceptres, when they prove

“ Too weak to gain the Man I love?

“ Yet all I'll try. — Vain Pride, adieu!

A I R.

*Kind Powers, assuage this killing Smart;
Or give me Death to ease my Heart.*

[*Exit Rhodope.*]

SCENE, *a rocky mountainous Place.*

Enter ORPHEUS with his Lyre.

Orph. Amidst these unfrequented Rocks I rove,
From *Rhodope*, the Queen's unhappy Love.
Yet these dreary Wastes among
I tune my ever constant Song
To my *Eurydice*.

Eurydice!

Where dost thou loiter, charming Maid?

“ *Fly, ye Moments, swifter move,*

“ *Bring me Pleasure, bring me Love;*

“ *'Till my Charmer cheers my Sight,*

“ *Fancy feels the Gloom of Night.*

“ *Bring, &c.*

Enter RHODOPE.

Rho. See, *Orpheus*, see — O hapless Fate!

This Posture ill becomes my State.

But, oh, I love! Leave, leave these Plains,

The rude Abode of ruder Swains.

Indulge

EURYDICE.

Indulge the Queen her plaintive Moan,
Return her Love, and share her Throne.

Orph. Thrones cannot tempt the Soul
Whom Solitude and vernal Joys delight;
In soothing Quiet, rural Ease,
Orpheus strives to live in Peace.

Rho. This soothing Quiet, rural Ease,
I know too well for whom they please;
'Tis here *Eurydice* retires,
To meet thy Love with mutual Fires:
'Tis for *Eurydice* alone
You scorn my Love, you scorn my Throne.

Orph. Alas! no more.

Rho. Ha! am I scorn'd!

Think better, *Orpheus*, and be wise:
Delights and purple Greatness woo thee.

Orph. Tempt me no more to leave the Plain:
Thy Love, thy promised Thrones are vain.

[Exit.

Rho. Alas, he's gone!

And Pity dwells not in his savage Breast.
But whither goes he? O my Heart!

'Tis to *Eurydice* he goes.

But if the Powers of Hell can my Resent-
ment aid,

He shall in Death alone possess her.

ORPHEUS *and*

A I R.

*Avenging Furies arise;
Haste from the nether Skies,
Aid an injur'd Lover's Rage.*

*Sting my Rival's Soul with Anguish,
'Till, like me, she rave — and languish:
Torture her, my Pains to assuage.*

[A Serpent appears, who receives Rhodope's Commands, and, those ended, glides off the Stage.

[Exit Rhodope.

Here the COMIC PART begins.

SCENE, *a Grove terminated with a Water-Fall.*

Enter ORPHEUS with his Lyre.

Orph. The Grove is mute, the feather'd Choir
Suspend their wonted Song,
Till she arrives, whose Beauties cheer
And brighten up the Morn.
And see, the lovely Maid appears.

Enter

EURYDICE.

Enter EURYDICE, attended by Nymphs.

Eur. My Orpheus!

Orph. My Eurydice!

[They embrace.

*Eur. Ye Powers! What verdant Scenes are
here!*

Orph. All Nature springs when you appear.

A I R.

*Eur. What Joys the happy Pair await
In Hymen's rosy Fetters bound:
When in the soft connubial State,
The Lover in the Husband's found!*

*Orph. 'Tis Female Sweetness gives us Joy,
Thro' every varied Scene of Life:
And Marriage Raptures never cloy,
Indulgent from a vertuous Wife.*

D U E T T O.

*Thus ever renewing Embraces,
A Circle of Pleasures we'll prove:
No Time those Endearments effaces,
Which are founded on Virtue and Love.*

[They

ORPHEUS *and*

[They sit on a Bank, while the Nymphs dance; which ended, they come forward.]

Orph. No more. Now let us part, my Fair,
Each to our rural Care.

May Blessings still thy Steps pursue!

Eur. Orpheus, my faithful Swain, adieu!

[Exit Orpheus.]

Your Sports pursue, while, fleet as Air,

[To the Nymphs.]

I fly, my Grotto to prepare.

Hither again shou'd Orpheus speed,

O call me from the neighbouring Mead.

[Exit.]

[The Nymphs continue dancing.]

ORPHEUS *returns.*

Orph. Where is my sweet *Eurydice*?

Nym. Her Grotto she prepares for thee,

And thy Return impatient waits.

A

EURYDICE.

I

A Nymph enters affrighted.

Nym. O Sight of Woe!

Orpb. What pale Affright sits on thy Cheek?

Why burst those Tears?

'Tis for *Eurydice*, I fear.

Nym. She dies! she dies!

Orpb. What do I hear? Avert it, Gods!

Nym. From out the Mountains bushy Sides

A Serpent, with indented Glides,

Came forth, — and pierced her tender Heel.

But see, she comes, a Look to steal,

A Sigh from *Orpheus* e'er she die.

Orpb. Oh! let me meet her fainting Eye.

[Eurydice is led in by two Nymphs, the rest grieve over her.]

Orpb. O cruel Gods! O Fate unjust!

Eur. Waste not a falling Tear on me:

O think, we part, my faithful Swain,

To meet in happier Climes again.

O *Orpheus*! lo, I die, I die!

“ But, ah! no Pains in Death I find

“ Like those of leaving you behind!

Orpb.

6
ORPHEUS *and*

Orph. Alas! thy blooming Colour fades!

Thy Eye grows dim! — *Eurydice!*

Eur. No more.

I die within thy Arms. — Now all is o'er. —

[*Dies.*

Orph. The Musick of her Tongue is fled;

Cold Death has seiz'd on all her Charms:

Orpheus shall snatch her from his Arms!

No — Rage is vain. — It will not be.

O lost *Eurydice!*

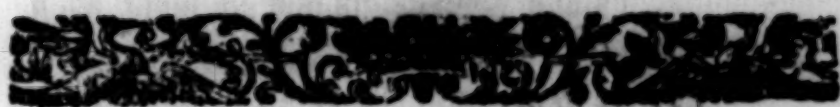
[*Eurydice is borne off by the Nymphs,*
Orpheus mourning over her.

The COMIC PART continues.

I N T E R -

EURYDICE


A I R



INTERLUDE II.

SCENE, *Hell.*

Enter PLUTO, and Attendants.

Plut.  H A T daring Mortal, who yet
draws
The Breath of upper, vital
Air,

Presumes to trespass on our Realms?

Am I the least of all the Gods,

That I'm so little fear'd?

—Some rash, adventurous Son of *Jove*,

Arm'd with the Thunder of his Sire,

Comes to invade my Throne!

Bid all the avenging Powers of Hell

Instant unite their potent Bands;

Our Empire is at Stake.

C

A I R.

8
ORIENTS and

A I R.

Give the Alarm,

Let us arm,

And this insolent Mortal repel:

Chor. *Give the Alarm, &c.*

Plut. *Nought shou'd save*

The bold Slave

Who thus rashly dares violate Hell.

Chor. *Give the Alarm, &c.*

[Soft Musick at a Distance.

Plu. *What distant Sounds steal thro' the Night!*

[Musick louder.

O soothing Softness! vast Delight!

But 'tis not now a Time

To waste in soft deluding Sounds,

When stern Rebellion's at our Gates.

Therefore to Arms — to Arms!

[An Alarm.

Enter a Shade.

Shade. *Pardon, great King, that I appear —*

The very Fiends their Tasks forbear;

The Vulture now Prometheus leaves,

Nor Sisyphus his Burthen heaves;

Ioion smiles upon his Wheel,

*And all thy Realms the powerful Influence
feel.*

Plut. *I feel it too. Ha! whence that Throng?*

Shade.

EURYDICE.

Shade. See, *Orpheus* comes, from *Pæbus* sprung,
And Heir to his all-potent Song:
Unhappy Shades his Sounds adore,
And dream of Bliss unknown before,
Plut. Fiends, this presumptuous Wretch oppose.

[*Orpheus enters, as the Poets describe
him, with a Lyre, and a Crown of
Bays.*

Orph. Monarch of Night, whose awful Sway
These incorporeal Shapes obey,
Relenting hear.

“ By no presumptuous Motives led,

“ I on thy dreary Confines tread :

“ I mourn a Wife ; — a Virgin Wife, whose
Charms

“ Ne’er yet had blest’d these longing Arms :

“ By rigid Death’s remorseless Doom

“ She’s snatch’d away, in Beauty’s Bloom.

By all those Charms thy Queen inspir’d,

When in sweet *Enna*’s Plains retir’d,

Attend a Lover’s Prayer.

Plut. These Strains unheeded Power dispence,
Like rich Perfumes, they charm the Sense !

Orph. Among thy Shades there roves this Fair,
Unbodied, Form of fleeting Air.

ORPHEUS and

A I R.

Orph. *Oh! to my Arms restore Eurydice!*

Or, never, never more

Set Orpheus free.

But let him rove,

A Form of Air,

Thro' Bowers of Love,

To seek the Fair.

Plut. *O wond'rous Power of Sound, to move
Hell, and its King, to Thoughts of Love!*

Orph. *Oh! to my Arms restore Eurydice!*

Plut. *Thou hast prevail'd.*

Fly, Ascalax, to blissful Bowers repair;

Reverse her Doom, and bring the willing Fair.

Again Eurydice is thine. [Exit Ascal.

Orph. *Thus let me grateful fall, and thank thy
Power.*

Plut. *Arise. Let Torment be no more,*

Let Anguish cease, let Hell be gay;

Orpheus has blest the coming Day.

A I R.

Plut. *Thy tuneful Sire*

Informs the Lyre,

And each melodious Sound is Love.

These melting Strains

Can charm Hell's Pains,

And rigorous Fate it self remove.

[Exit Pluto.

A DANCE of FURIES.

[Ascalax

EURYDICE.

[*Ascalax enters with Eurydice veil'd.
Orpheus and Eurydice running to
embrace, Ascalax interposes.*

Orph. My Life!

Eur. My Love!

Asc. Lovers, forbear.

Hell's dread Commands with Patience hear.

Pluto thy beauteous Shade restores,

To follow thee to happier Shores.

If, e'er you pass the utmost Bound

Of Hell's extended Shade, thou turn thy Eyes,

To steal one Look, again she dies,

Again, from thy Embraces, flies.

Orph. O hard Decree!

Asc. To jealous *Rhodope* you ow'd

Her first Disaster. Now beware;

The second Crime will be your own.

[*Exit.*

Orph. The rigid Mandate I embrace.

Follow, sweet Shade, and quit this horrid
Place.

[*Exit Orpheus followed by Eurydice.*

SCENE

ORPHEUS and

SCENE *changes to another Part of Hell.*

Orpheus *passes over, followed by Eurydice.*

SCENE *changes to a Part of the Confines of Hell.*

ORPHEUS *appears, and, coming out, stops and listens.*

Orph. My Love! — Not answer! Oh, my Fear!
Hell's gloomy Shade
Has, sure, her erring Feet betray'd.
Where art thou? My *Eurydice*, appear.

[Orpheus *turns, sees Eurydice following him. Fiends appear and convey her back again. Orpheus striving to follow her, other Fiends oppose, and drive him out of Hell.*

The COMIC PART continues.

INTER-


EURYDICE.



INTERLUDE III.

SCENE, *a Solitude.*

Enter ORPHEUS.

Orph.  EURYDICE! The Image of
thy Charms
Dwells here, and will for ever
dwell.

*[Sits down and plays on his Lyre; and
while he is playing, the barren Moun-
tain changes by Degrees into a pleasant
Hill. Trees arise, and form a Bower
over the Head of Orpheus.]*

Enter

ORPHEUS *and*

Enter RHODOPE.

Rho. *Orpheus*, behold, once more a Queen attends,
To share thy Sorrow, tho' deny'd thy Love.

Orph. Ha! *Rhodope*!

Blast not my Eyes with thy detested Presence.
In Hell thy killing Malice stands disclos'd;
Thro' thee, and by thy curs'd Command,
The fatal Wound was given to my *Eurydice*.

Rho. If yet thy Heart's susceptible of Pity,
Forgive a Crime

Which Love, and only Love inspir'd.

Orph. Fell Murthress, never; and for thy curs'd
Sake,

All thy Sex I'll hate.

Live, and love on; in Torments live,

And wither with Despair.

'Twill feast my Soul; and pleas'd Revenge
Shall triumph in thy Pains.

[*Exit.*

Rho. Mistaken, foolish, idle Wretch, farewell.

Too late, alas, the dread Effects thou'lt feel,

And rue, in Death, thy insolent Disdain.

For soon the *Bacchanalian* Train,

Whose Rites thou didst prophane,

Will strike the Blow, —

T'avenge

T'avenge their injur'd God and me.
 What sudden Cold thrills thro' my Veins!
 What Shiverings seize me!
 Perhaps, even now the Stroke is given.

[Shouts are heard.

Ah! Hark! — What hideous Noise!
 O Love, prevent the Doom.

[Runs out.

SCENE *draws and discovers* Orpheus
slain.

[Several Bacchantes rejoicing in a triumphant Manner, bearing the Lyre and Chaplet of Orpheus.

Enter RHODOPE.

Rho. Ha! Horror blast my Eyes! The Deed is done!

The Lilly of the World is dead,
 And Joy and Hope to Rhodope are lost!
 Then perish, Wretch! For now to live
 Is Torment more than Hell can give.
 Seize me, ye Furies! — Lo, I come.

Thus my own Hand shall seal my Doom.

[Stabs herself.

D

The

The COMIC PART continues.

[*A following Scene was intended to have discover'd the mangled Body of Orpheus; but is omitted on Account of the Length of the Entertainment; in which Apollo descended, and spoke the following Words.*

Apol. Dear Offspring of the fairest Muse, thy
 Fate
 Draws Tears celestial from a Father's Eye.
 But Tears are vain: In Fame eternal live;
 Exalted in the Skies, thy Harp shall shine
 And blaze thy Glories thro' succeeding Times.
 Thy Mother too, and every Sister Muse,
 Shall mourn thy Fall, and consecrate thy Name:
 A Theme for Songs to Ages yet unborn.

4. AP. 54

*The best Reward a God can give,
 Thou Offspring of a God, receive,
 Thy Praise o'er vulgar Fame to soar:
 The Great and Good can claim no more.*

F I N I S.

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